

ADJUSTING THE MOUTH.—The London Gazette contains some important information

The men who jump at conclusions seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.

One friend asked another why he married a little wife. "Why," said he "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the least."

**Miscellaneous.**

**LANDRE WARRANTED  
CARDEN SEEDS.**

**ELLINGWOOD & CO.** offer to purchasers a  
fine assortment of **LANDRETT'S GARDEN  
SEED**, at 5c and 10c per paper.  
Jan. 24, 1855. 17784

**ONE TENTH!**  
**FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST—**  
Owing to the scarcity and high prices of Grain,  
I will herewith give for the **TENTH** I can now  
prepared to make the **best number one Flour** from the  
west most wheat.  
April 18, 1855. **JOHN CARVER.**  
1607/6

**TIME IS MONEY!**  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES & JEWELRY,**  
repaired with neatness, in the best man-  
ner, and with all possible dispatch, at  
✓ **SILVERWARE**, of the best material, and fine  
workmanship, always on hand, and made to order at  
**S. HARRARD'S.**  
April 21, 1855. *(f/35)*

**I AM READY!**  
I HAVE opened a general **REPAIRING** and **JOE**  
**I SHOP**, in this place, and would say to Farmers  
and others who have **Wrought Non-Ford's** **Hay**  
**and Straw Cutter**, should they need repair-  
ing, I can do the work just as it should be done,  
as I thoroughly understand the business. Plain Farm  
machines repaired, and various other articles, &c.  
✓ My terms are cash.

**J. M. RICHARDSON.**  
Feb 14, 1855. *(f/2073)*

**STRAYED OR STOLEN**  
FORN the subscriber, at the Emmons Farm  
Grounds, near the last named place, a

Gray Horse, 16 hands high 7 or 8 years old. I will give \$25 reward for the return of said horse to me at New Castle, Ky., or any information that will enable me to find him. GEO. M. JESSE.  
April 4, 1855. \*at 794

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**NOTICE.**

All persons indebted to JAS. B. WILKINSON

LOUISVILLE AGRICULTURAL WORKS

tion to this will save cost. Also, those having notes or letters to be sent to the Editor, should send them to present them for mailing.

T. W. BROWN,  
R. NEEL,  
Associates of J. S. Sharpe.

**REMOVAL!**

**J. F. CHIN** has removed his FURNISHING STORE to a room under the Old Fellows' Hall, on the west side of the Pacific Square. Having received his

**NEW STOCK FALL & WINTER GOODS,** he is now prepared to make up anything in the gentlemanly mode of Clothing, and to give it in addition, as he is in regular receipt of all the New York Fashion Plates. His stock of Goods is of the best quality.

**Black and Fancy Cloths, Cassimers, and**  
**Feetings; Black and Fancy Deskings;**  
**Stocks, Cravats—**

And, in fact, all articles for gentlemen's wear. Mr. CHIN assures all those who may favor him with a visit, that he will endeavor to give them the greatest SATISFACTION in all cases. Thankful for

**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
He also keeps on hand a good assortment of Ready-Made CLOTHING, in the latest and most fashionable styles made in the best style and fashion, and the work insured.  
Shelleyville, Sept. 20, 1854. A776

**SOMETHING SHARP.**  
ALL those in want of a CUTTING-BOX, one of the best in the country, and of the most durable material, are hereby notified to send the Best Straw and Hay Cutters, and to put up or sold in this section, can get it by sending to the undersigned, the sum of \$100.00, and he will sell them in this country. PRICE, \$15 for the No. 2 Boxes, and \$20 for the No. 1 Boxes.—Come for value in this country, and you will supply all you. The undivided testimony of those who have used them, is, that this box, over any other, will cut more than any other, and it is the most durable besides the expedition in cutting, &c. Terms cash. Address, R. E. NELSON, in the east end of Shelbyville.  
November 1, 1854 000772

**WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
**FIRE AND MARINE.**  
Capital and Surplus \$150,000  
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J. H. HARRIS Vice President  
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**SHELLVILLE OFFICE at SHARRARD'S** Book, Stationery and Jewelry Store; Louisville Office over the Bank of Louisville. Must be between Third and Fourth streets, next door to the Bank of Louisville; Insures Buildings, Goods and Cargoes against Loss or Damage by Fire, or the perils of Navigation.

Shelbyville Buildings in Cities, Villages, or Country Farm Houses, Barns, &c. &c., upon the Mutual plan, from three to five years, the insurer paying a part of the premium. Agents are sent to take a balance sheet to assessment once in two years in event of loss or damage. Agents are sent to take a balance sheet to assessment once in two years in event of loss or damage. Agents are sent to take a balance sheet to assessment once in two years in event of loss or damage.

Any person desiring to become an agent for this Company should call on the undersigned at his residence. Information on the subject. JAMES M. MOORE, of Louisville, Ky., General Agent. (See advertisement on page 7.)

**JAMES M. MOORE,** of Louisville, Ky., General Agent. (See advertisement on page 7.)

70675) For Shelbyville and Shelby county, Ky.

**TO THE HEIRS**

**OF Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary** and other Wars. JOHN S. GALLAHER, of Louisville, Ky., General Agent. (See advertisement on page 7.)

**AND RO. H. GALLAHER,** (Attorney for CLAIMANTS) Todd's Marble Building, Washington City, D. C., General Agent. (See advertisement on page 7.)

prosecution of claims against the General Government.

ment. Their claims have been considered with the several Departments and the experience they have had in the management of the land claims of this country has led them to their course. Warrants then in tendering their services, with renewed confidence, to the very same Government, which has been the cause of the Revolutionary and other Wars, who have been entitled, by acts of Congress, to Commutation, Hall's.

In addition to their experience, they possess much valuable control over the claims, and are able to appear in numerous classes of claims.

**Army Officers, Soldiers, Teamsters, Veterans.**—Others entitled to land are the following:—

1. Officers of the Army, who served in the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Florida, or Mexican War, and who have not received more than fourteen days, are now entitled to a Land Warrant for 160 acres. Those who have already received more than fourteen days, are now entitled to an additional quantity to make their whole to 160 acres.

**Fees.**—For obtaining an 80 acre warrant, \$35.

**Regular correspondents** who prepare cases and forward them to him, to be presented to the proper authorities, will be paid a fee of \$100.

**Claims to be dealt with liberally.**

**A Court of Claims having** been created by Congress, to settle all the claims, not heretofore provided for, law is to be presented for adjudication, the undersigned is anxious to draw attention before the

**JNO. S. & RO. H. GALLAHER,**  
Washington, D. C.  
*CP Land Warrants bought and sold.* We buy and sell Land Warrants and Revolutionaries' Land Warrants at market rates, giving generally higher prices than any other markets afford, except those immediately in the vicinity of land offices where warrants are sold. We are located in Washington, D. C. and have branches in New York, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill. There are discrepancies in assignments, which often occur and produce difficulty, can be rectified, frequently, at the General Land Office. J. N. S. & R. H. G. C.  
April, 1933 100794











## The Garland.

### CHARMING GIFTS.

The chain I gave was fair to view,  
The late I added sweet in sound;  
The heart that offered sweet was true,  
And I deemed the fate I found.

These gifts were charming by secret spell,  
The truth in absence to divine;  
And they have done their duty well,  
Alas! they could not teach their theme.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not so true a stranger's trust;  
The heart that offered sweet in link,  
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from my neck unbound  
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,  
Who saw that love was in the sound,  
When that love's voice, renew the clasp.

When that love's voice, renew the clasp,  
The heart that offered sweet in link,  
In other hands its notes were such,  
False heart, true chain, and silent love.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE MYSTERIOUS BELL.

By Mrs. Mary E. HENKINS.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

As she entered the apartment, her husband arose, as he always did, when she came to him, and said, "Take that chair, my dear, and wait a moment; I shall soon be at leisure."

"Yes, love, for I have come to ask your consent that I may do something, and you are so much troubled about advertising Longdale Court, I feared you were avoiding me on purpose, and might not come until late. In the package given you by Aunt Hargrave, I found a newspaper."

In the paper I noticed an advertisement for a man who is a magician, and who advertises to discover any mystery, and many other things. I wish you to accompany me to Richmond day after tomorrow, and afford me an opportunity to converse with him. For I am sure he can tell me where the bell is, that rings so often and so mournfully."

"Julia, my own dear Julia! it is possible, you have come to this? A magician! some vile impostor; hand me the paper."

The mortified wife handed him the paper, pointing at the same time to the advertisement.

"Disgraceful! disgraceful! said Longdale; 'no, Julia, I cannot accompany you to see any such fellow.'"

"Well, may I go myself, to Richmond? I know Aunt Hargrave will go with me."

"No, you shall not go, Julia," positively said he. "What! go to Richmond to look at sentimental eggs—the heart and ball puzzle—finger rings—fancy chains—room, without being touched and seen crawling into quaint bottles? No, you shall not go one step, by my consent."

"You mortify me by the manner in which you deny me."

"No wonder, Julia, when you vex me so much about that bell. Would it not be a delightful story for gossiping tongues, to tell of your visit to a man, who is going about the country practicing the feat of hocus pocus?"

"I will go," said she passionately.

"How will you go?"

"I will make Abram drive me to Richmond, in the morning. I will return in a day or two."

"Well, if you have become so contrary that you will not listen to the advice of your husband, pursue your own course. I cannot see why you should be interested in the mysterious bell, now, as I have advertised and design selling Longdale Court."

"I know your opposition to disposing of this delightful abode, for which I do not blame you; and if there is any one who can give me a clue to the mysterious bell, I wish to see and converse with that person. Dear husband, do not look so angry, but let me go."

"Do as you think best," was all he said, and as Julia really thought it best to go and consult the magician, accordingly she sent word to Abram to have the chariot at the stable in the morning at four o'clock.

CHAPTER II.

Julia slept but little during the night, so much were her thoughts absorbed about her visit to Richmond, and the course she intended pursuing when she arrived there, in order to converse with the magician. At one time she concluded not to see her aunt and uncle, but that she would go secretly to Richmond, and consult Apollo, as the magician styled himself; but no, this would not do, for the chariot of Kenneth Longdale was known in the city, and she knew her aunt, Mrs. Hargrave, would hear that she had visited Richmond; beside, she could not make the trip, and go home the same day. Sometimes she felt ashamed of having become superstitious, and she almost came to the determination to abandon the anticipated adventure, but as she would rise so early in the bed and listen to the notes of the mysterious bell, she was distinctly heard. Julia loved Kenneth Longdale devotedly, and was grieved because her dissatisfaction relative to the bell, caused him to advertise his elegant and convenient home. She seemed to feel, however, as if the magician could give her some clue to the frightening bell, and as she was otherwise delighted with Longdale Court, her final determination was to go and see Apollo. She arose at three o'clock the following morning, and in one hour precisely, the chariot and horses were driven to the front stable by Abram, as he had been directed to do overnight.

"Wonder if Mr. Longdale will tell me good bye," murmured she, as she stood beside the bed upon which he lay, and his eyes closed, though not asleep. After waiting awhile, Julia returned to approach him, and as her lips, which had been made cool and fresh in the morning air, touched her husband's lofty white forehead, she whispered, "Good morning, dearest; I hope you will not be vexed any more, on account of my short excursion. I feel as if I am to have the mystery of that bell removed; and if I do, you will not be sure to send Longdale Court. Good morning, once again, love, and do not get homesick during my absence," and the next morning Julia was gliding down the gravel walk, that led to the front gate.

Kennet remained in a silent humor, until it was his usual hour to rise, and, after throwing on his morning gown, went to the front door, out of which he looked to see if he could not discover Julia returning, as he did not believe she would go on to Richmond, but would only be driven a few miles and turn back. But Julia, was then many miles from Longdale Court; every now and then telling Abram to drive briskly, for as the ringing of the mysterious bell had been the cause of her husband's sending Georgiana, Irene and Mortimer, up to Wildwood, to live with their grandmothers, Mr. Longdale was melancholy, and as he was alone she must hurry to Richmond, converse with the magician, and make haste home again. At length, she was driven safely to the residence of her uncle, Captain Hargrave, and received

a warm and affectionate welcome from her aunt. It was not long before she made her acquaintance with the story of the mysterious bell, and informed her also, of coming to Richmond to consult Apollo. "Certainly I will accompany you, Julia," said Mrs. Hargrave; there can be no propriety in our going; the first ladies of Richmond go, and many have been the singular disclosures of Apollo I assure you. There is not a love match in the city but there is a knowledge of something about it; nor is there an act of burglary, street robbery, or incendiarism, but what he can tell all about it. He can converse with the spirits of the dead; and has told of several persons who died suddenly, with whose spirits he has conversed—who say they died of poison—they were murdered. There is a shocking report out against the Black family—the magician says Simpson Black poisoned his wife, which was the cause of her sudden death—says he murdered her, in order that he might marry Ann Eliza Glades. It is reported that old Mr. Love, the father of Black's first wife, talks of having his daughter's coffin taken out of the vault, and the remains examined; he is so deeply troubled at what Apollo told him. The old man says he never was satisfied respecting his daughter's sudden death, but for the sake of his grand children, he would not create any disturbance. He says he knew Ann Eliza Glades to be one of the most high tempered women in the world; but he never should have believed her capable of desiring a man to murder his wife. The magician says Ann Eliza knew all about it—that she had the poison purchased, with which Simpson Black destroyed his wife."

"O, horrible! indeed," said Julia, "and there must be some truth in what Apollo says, or Simpson Black would have him arrested. Well, it would not do for Black to put on any airs, or the people would arrest him. Apollo has so many warm friends here; beside, should Black do any thing, every one will at once conclude because his guilt has been uncovered, he wishes to take revenge out of one who has exposed his crime. The Blacks never were popular no how; and since Apollo has conversed with the spirit of Mrs. Emeline Love, in the invisible world, she sent back by him, respecting her sudden death, will ever be remembered against Ann Eliza Glades, and Simpson Black. Many persons think Black will quit the country altogether, after this report, and go out to the West, to some place of seclusion."

CHAPTER III.

The next day, Mrs. Hargrave and Julia went out in the chariot, and at a time when it was known that few persons were in Apollo's room, they made their visit to him. When Mrs. Hargrave introduced her niece to magician Apollo, his bright black eyes glittered with delight, for he had been looking anxiously for her to come to consult him, ever since he had sent the newspaper to her aunt, containing the outlines of his mysterious accomplishments. He had heard of the Longdale family, and his intense aversion induced him to make an effort to get money from Julia, and as he had heard she was greatly troubled relative to the ringing of a bell, which to all the neighboring people was invisible, he designed demanding an exorbitant amount of her, before he explained to her by the rules of the black art, where the mysterious bell was.

"I shall be compelled to charge you a great price lady," said Apollo.

"How much?"

"Why madam, twenty pounds will scarcely pay me, for the trouble I shall be at, in clearing away the dark mountain of obscurity between the mysterious bell and yourself."

"Twenty pounds! indeed," said Mrs. Hargrave, "dear me, Julia, this demand is far beyond the limit of reason, it is really awful. Twenty pounds! why, Master Apollo, that is sixty-six and two third dollars."

"Exactly, twenty pounds must be handed me, or I cannot throw away my talent, by which I afflict myself mentally to uncover the mysterious world."

"But I have not brought so much with me as twenty pounds,—here are ten; and as I am determined not to return to Longdale Court until I hear where that bell is, if you will remove the spell, I will order Abram to drive me to the store of the Messrs. Hungerford, Mr. Longdale's merchants, and borrow the other ten pounds of them. I am satisfied my husband would be exceedingly angry, if he could know what I am doing; but as I discovered his reluctance to selling Longdale Court, if Apollo tells me where that bell is, I know he will not care for the \$666 I shall pay for the discovery of a thing, which has occasioned us so much uneasiness."

Away went Julia leaving her aunt Hargrave to watch Apollo to see that he did not go off with the ten pounds she had paid him in advance. She soon returned from the house of the Messrs. Hungerford, and when the artful Apollo saw the other ten pounds in her possession, he thus proceeded:

"Lady, thy home is one of extraordinary beauty; ancient, comfortable, elegant, and romantic. The most delightful groves are green around it. Flowers, pale the walks in gardens and plains—bees hum around thee—birds warble delightfully in the greenwoods; and silvery streams purr through meads and shady bowers. Thou and thy husband would live happily together, were it not for that mournful and mysteriously sounding bell. Well, lady, a spirit in the invisible realms, has shown me Longdale Court. In the rear of the plantation lies a swamp, the opposite side of which is bounded by a lofty rugged bluff. On the edge of said bluff, there stands a tall, slim, pine tree, the only one on that portion of the bluff; and lady, although it appears like an impossibility, yet in the top of that tree there hangs a bell! Whenever the wind is in a certain direction, the pine tree bends over the ravine, in which that swamp lies, and as the boughs fall and raise the bell rings."

"O, yes," said the delighted Julia, "that explains why we all have believed it to be ringing in the clouds—the bluff is so high—it is a great way above our house, but Mr. Magician, you on earth could have hung it up there? Often have I observed that bluff from the garden, but never should have dreamed of any one going to such a dangerous place to hang a bell. What was it done for? Do pray tell me about it! O, my dear husband will be delighted to find it; and I shall not be disappointed, because he shall not tell his dearest home."

"To explain, lady, how it came there, I should be compelled to sever my spirit again from my body, (an operation exceedingly painful), and send it to a tower in the invisible realms, to consult the geni of a certain person who is dead. You will find the bell exactly in the tree which I have described, and that is enough for thee to know."

After this visit, Mrs. Hargrave touched Julia's shoulder, a signal for her to leave the ma-

gician; and they quitted the saloon and returned to Hargrave Hall, just in time to dine.

"At four o'clock in the morning," said Mrs. Longdale to Abram, "you must drive your horses and chariot to uncle's door."

The night before she left Hargrave Hall, traveling fast, she came in sight of Longdale Court a little after sun down, and looking from the window of the vehicle, she beheld her husband coming slowly along the road.

"O, O, good uncle Abram, drive faster—yonder comes your master to meet me—dear me how lonely he has been—I do not think I ever can leave him by myself again."

A handkerchief was raised as a signal for Abram to stop his horses, which summons he obeyed, and in an instant Longdale descended the chariot and by his wife. He was delighted to see her, and as she almost smothered him with kisses, whispered in his ear:

"I have found out where that bell is, love; you need not sell Longdale Court—here is the advertisement, you put into the hands of the editor of the Richmond Standard. I sent and took it from the office. I was determined, after I found where the mysterious bell is, the advertisement should not appear."

"And where is the bell?" earnestly inquired Longdale.

"Never mind," said Julia, "I will have it got on to-morrow, and show it to you. I had to pay a royal price though, to get Apollo to disclose the mystery to me. I had only ten pounds with me; but as he demanded twenty, I went to the Messrs. Hungerford, and borrowed ten pounds in your name and paid him. You must not be angry dear, with Julia."

"I shall not get angry, my dear; yet I cannot avoid expressing my astonishment, that two women of the education, and natural sense that you and Mrs. Hargrave have, to allow that fellow to impose on you in this way. He has made a little fortune in Richmond, off of you all—is a vile impostor, and will laugh at your credulity."

"Well, well," said Julia, "it is too late to go after the bell to night; but just wait till morning, and I will have it brought down."

Nothing more was said about the bell, and with pleasure the husband saw his wife light the candle with the advertisement paper, on which was exposed for sale the beautiful home of Longdale Court.

CHAPTER XIV.

Delight ravished the heart of Julia, as she received the bell from Mr. Dawson. She thanked the gentlemen again and again, for their assistance, and galloped off towards the crossing place, and arrived at home safely in about an hour. Her husband was anxiously awaiting her, and at most exhausted with joyful emotions, at the prosperous termination of her adventure. She sprang off of Maid of the Oaks, and ran into the house.

"Well, Julia, your hazardous enterprise has ended in chasing a bag fox, just about what I expected," said Longdale, in a tantalizing manner.

"Fox chase, indeed," said she, "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!"

Of course, she did not keep the bell in her pocket, and danced rapidly four or five times around her husband, and rung it close to his head.

"Let me look at it, wife," said he; "let me have it in my hand!"

Julia's delirium at last subsided, and she handed the bell to her husband.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed he; "can it be possible! my mother's old house bell, a dear relic of the past—the bell my father brought from England, and which belonged originally to my great-grandfather, Dr. Effingham, who was a native of Scotland, and a knight of the Order of the Thistle of St. Andrew—see here, Julia, engraved around the bell is a wreath of thistles, the national emblem of Scotland; and look at the escutcheon—here is a knight of that ancient Order in full dress; see, here is the mantle and collar, with St. Andrew on his cross pendant. I recollect it all, now; not another piece of house furniture belonging to our family has been so much of heraldry engraved upon them, but this bell and an ancient castor-frame, in which my mother's crystal crucifix used to set."

Theresa was now called in, and the moment she looked at the bell, exclaimed, "My dear old mistress's bell!"

"How came it in the top of the pine tree, on that frightful bluff, overhanging the swamp, Theresa?"

"Can't tell, master; can't tell."

"Who was the last one that used it, Theresa?"

"Dear master, no one ever used that bell, but old mistress; she used to ring it for her page all the time she was ill. I recollect how Master Renix used to fret my mistress. Master, Sir Richard, entreated her to turn Paul off, and make one of the colored boys attend her, but none of the negroes suited her, dear soul; she wanted Paul Renix, and no one else, because he could read every thing to her, and the black boys could not. Old mistress read to her sometimes; but you recollect, Master Kenneth, as well as I, that your father, Sir Richard Longdale, did not like to read aloud, it made him cough. Paul Renix was a very bad boy, and every black person on this place was glad when he ran away."

"Where did he go, Theresa?"

"Can't tell sir; he went away one Sunday, just a week before old mistress died; just at a time too, when she was suffering from the rheumatism, and never came home again. Now sir, I never heard of Renix from that day to this."

"Go up in the garret, Theresa," said Longdale, "open the old oak chest under the window, and bring me that tall silver castor-frame."

Theresa obeyed him; and when he had compared the armorial ensigns on the castor-stand with those on the bell, he remarked to Julia, that if she thought proper to accompany him, she could go, for he had designed going to Richmond the next morning to consult the magician himself.

Julia laughed at him heartily, and called him superstitious; but the decisive husband made no reply; and after locking the bell up in his secretary, gave orders to Abram to harness the horses, and have the chariot at the stable-block, the next morning at four o'clock.

CHAPTER XV.

"Julia! you are a most excellent rider; but, after your severe exercise in the equestrian feat you performed, galloping about with the hounds after the red fox, and your excitement, and long fast, in quest of the bell, it appears to me you had better not venture out again to-day," said Longdale, as he wrapped the bell up, which was still a mysterious one, as none could tell how it happened to be in the pine tree over the swamp. He put it in a small portmanteau, and as Julia declared a delicate plumber, attended by sweet morning dreams, preferable to riding, especially as she was fatigued, her husband bade her an affectionate adieu, and hurried off to Richmond.

When he arrived at Hargrave Hall, the lady of the mansion informed him, that the magician was in jail; he had circulated the report all over the country, that as he held mysterious consultations with spirits in the invisible world, he had been informed by Mrs. Black that her husband poisoned her, in order to make room for Ann Eliza Glades, a girl of Black's neighborhood, who he married, sure enough, in about six months after his wife's decease. Old Mr. Love, the father of Black's first wife, was so much enraged at the report, he actually had his daughter's coffin removed, and the body examined by all the most eminent physicians in the city. They declared that nothing in the form of poison ever injured her; that the magician is an impostor; and they discovered the cause of Mrs. Black's sudden death to have been from the rupture of a blood-vessel, about the main arteries of the heart. A coroner's inquest was held, and the jury decided that Mrs. Black's sudden death was occasioned by a disruption of an arterial vessel near the heart. This matter brought down the anger and

indignation of Black, of course, upon his father-in-law, old Mr. Love; and young Robert Glades, Ann Eliza's brother, and Herman Love have fought a duel; and both are severely wounded; and the matter has been taken before the church, of which the Blacks, Loves, and Glades are members; and Simpson Black has had magician Apollo arrested and thrown into prison.

"Served him right," said Kenneth Longdale, as he arose and left Mrs. Hargrave, and walked directly to the city jail in which Apollo was incarcerated. He was conducted by the deputy jailor to the apartment where the magician was, and when he went in, said he: "How do you do, Paul! I little thought the last time we met at Longdale Court, that our next interview would be in the Richmond jail. Take off all that false hair, or wool, you have stuck on your cheeks for whiskers, and then you can talk better. I wish to know of you, as I am satisfied you can tell, how came this bell, that belonged to my mother, in the top of the pine tree on the crag, over the swamp near Longdale Court?"

The magician discovered that Kenneth was not to be told that he was mistaken; and as he was in jail, and saw no means of escaping justly, he pulled off his whiskers and appeared in his true character. It was Paul Renix and none but he; the very lad whom Lady Longdale employed as her page, and who grew angry during the old lady's illness, and ran away from Longdale Court.

"Now, Master Kenneth," said Paul—"you recollect I always called you Master Kenneth—I will tell you the whole story. I resided at your father's for years, after you married Miss Helen Amherst, up at Wildwood. Your father was always pleasant and amiable, but your mother, (God knows I loved her as if I had been her son) was very fretful; but during her last illness she made me dislike her by the manner in which she scolded and confined me. I never started out of her chamber but she would ring that bell for me to turn back. Every time I sat down to eat, ling, ling, went the bell. If I stole off into the library to read, she would ring for me just about the time I became interested in a story. I recollect I was lying in bed, and Paul and Virginia were lying by me, and Paul and Virginia, through and through, went in search of them. I cursed the little silver tinkler; but said to myself, I should not do so, my mistress is ill and wants me. I forgot my reasonable conclusion; for next day I commenced Robinson Crusoe, and I like to have tore the book up, so greatly was I enraged to hear the old woman say, 'I have no more of my Lady to read Baxter's Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul. Every servant I met would say, 'Master Paul, mistress is ringing for you!'—and several times Theresa scolded me, and Mrs. Cecilia Talbot threatened to box my ears if I did not go faster when Lady Longdale rung the bell for me."

"There was a girl in the neighborhood named Martha Cootwich, and I was in love with her. She knew I could not leave Lady Longdale, and she often came over to see me, and we met under those tall holly trees near the left wing of the house. You cannot imagine how provoking it was, Master Kenneth, for just as I would lay my trembling arm around the waist of Miss Cootwich, and press my lips to hers, jingle, jingle, would go the house bell. Just before Lady Longdale died, I heard that this fellow Simpson Black, who is her uncle, heard she was in love with me, and that he held private meetings under the holly trees. He came down to Mrs. Denny's, where Miss Cootwich was living; watched her one evening, and when he saw me go under the trees and kiss her, he ran up, knocked me down, and laid her off under the most violent epithets of abuse that ever fell from any man's lips. I have sought revenge ever since; and this is why I started the report of the poisoning of my wife. Martha Cootwich wrote me word, after the death of Mrs. Black, that she died suddenly, as she had no doubt but that her uncle Simpson was mean and vile enough to have poisoned her. Although Martha did not charge him with this crime, her writing me she believed him base enough to have done so, put it into my head to say he did the act; and after I became a magician, and returned to this part of the country, I knew I could excite old Mr. Love and his sons, and to plague Simpson Black, I pretended I had intercourse with the beings of the invisible realms; and that the first Mrs. Black's spirit informed me she was murdered. I calculated to leave Richmond before Black got hold of me, and let him gnaw the end of resentment, as he left me to do when he knocked me down under the holly trees, and led Martha Cootwich off in tears from Longdale Court. I desired to write to her, and every time I sat down, and was going to begin, I heard the clink of Lady Longdale's bell. Blast that bell, I say Sunday morning, when I had answered it not less than twenty times during the morning and afternoon, I will put it where it never will be found. In going over to Mrs. Denny's to see Martha Cootwich, I had noticed that dangerous rock over the swamp, and seeing a young tree close by, climbed to its top and attached the bell by the silver chain that held it. It is the highest point of the tree in my reach. I suppose the tree has grown considerably since I hung the bell there, as it has been six years or more since my Lady Longdale died. I have corresponded with my old play-fellow, Robin Clarke, ever since I left Longdale Court, and after the death of your wife and your marriage with Miss Julia Hargrave, Robin mentioned to every one of his letters that the Longdale family, and every body in the neighborhood, were frightened almost out of their senses on account of the ringing of a mysterious bell which appeared to be in the clouds. One day I received, very unexpectedly, a letter from Martha Cootwich, (who was) now she is Mrs. Bagshaw, and a widow. She resides in Philadelphia, and writes to me she still loves me, and that nothing but death can ever make her forget me. She says she loved Oliver Bagshaw to be sure; but after he died those early impressions of love for me were again visible on her heart. She owns a neat little frame house on Vine street, with a yard in front, in which she writes me she has all of the most beautiful flowers—beds covered with sweet drooping violets, forget-me-nots, touch-me-nots, chrysanthemums, primroses, china-asters, carnations, carnation pinks, thyme, dill, and all kinds of roses. In the background she has a strawberry bed, cherry trees, pear trees, and grape vines. All the rooms of her house are neatly furnished; and there is a pump between the house and kitchen. She has informed me if I am as good looking as I once was, and will come up to Philadelphia and marry her, I need not do anything but walk in and hang up my hat. Martha has a fine milliner's shop, and says she makes money enough for her and me too."

"Well, Master Kenneth, there is scarcely any thing a man can do, but what he will perform when love besets him. He will take his sword and go his way to rob and steal—to sail upon the sea and upon rivers. And look upon a lion and goeth in the darkness; and when he hath stolen, spoiled, and robbed, he bringeth it to his love. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother. Yea, many there be who have grown desperate for women, and become servants for their sakes, and magicians too, and now Master Kenneth, as Martha Bagshaw offered me so many inducements to visit her, and as good looking as I was when I lived at Longdale Court, and having spent every cent of my money, and come to the doors of poverty and want, I concluded one day to come here in the character of a magician; and as I felt satisfied I could impose on the rich people of this place, I did so, and to make as much money as would clothe me genteelly, I determined to sell my program to your wife, from whom I knew I could obtain a considerable amount; for Robin Clarke wrote me the new Mrs. Longdale had said she would give him twenty pounds if he would find out where the bell was. I am sorry for what I have done; yet many there be who have grown desperate for women, Master Kenneth, and if you will go to Simpson Black and tell him I am Paul Renix, he will recollect the knock down I took from him, and the rage I naturally was in, especially as it was due to the presence of my own mother, and tell him I will publish a card in the Richmond papers, in which I will explain myself, and disabuse him, and Ann Eliza, his wife, of the crime with which I have loaded him. Do go, my dear Master Kenneth, for the sake of old acquaintance—because I came from England with your father, and although a bad boy, was retained by your dear mother as her page for so long."

"You scamp you," said Longdale, laughing, as he bade Paul good evening and left the prison.

It was not long, however, before he arrived at the house of Simpson Black, and after conversing with him for some time, went back to Renix in the jail.

"You are released, Paul," said he, "if you will go immediately out of Richmond, and obligate yourself never to show your face here again."

"That I will," vehemently answered he; and during the evening, sure enough, the jailor set him at liberty, and he traveled briskly until he got outside of the corporation, and out of sight of the edifice in which convened the members of the municipal court.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well, I am convinced now that there are no such things as ghosts," said Cecilia Talbot, after Kenneth Longdale returned and informed the neighbors of what Paul Renix had said to him. "I suppose after people die that is the last of them; yet I knew I could not be mistaken about the ringing of a bell."

All Mrs. Rowland said was, "Dear me, dear me, what a tale!"

Theresa often exclaimed, "What a pity Miss Helen cannot know where the bell is; but, by such as we have loved in this vain world, can see us from heaven, I know Miss Helen is satisfied about the mysterious bell."

Said Mrs. Clarke, "you know, I always stuck to it, Tommy and Robin, that it was neither a horse-bell, a sheep-bell, nor Mrs. Denny's over-seer's wife's gobbler's bell. I had cause to believe it was ringing in the clouds, as that pine tree is far above the house."

"I suppose, I need not be afraid now, to venture into the Cavern of Echoes, to search in the fissures of the rocks, for the money I verily believe old Hubert hid there," said Tommy Clarke.

"And I suppose I can hold up my head, and quit wondering how many strokes it would take from Kenneth Longdale with his broad sword to sever it from my body. If I should happen to say bell in the hearing of Georgiana, Irene, or Mortimer," said Robin.

"Yes, I can ramble along the brook with Kitty Rancey, now, and talk to her about bell-flowers, and call her my pretty belle, that the mysterious little jingler has been found."

Georgiana, Irene, and Mortimer, were shortly brought home again from Wildwood, and Miss Arkwright was induced to return and become their governess. Kenneth Longdale and Julia were happy, and it was not long before they had drunk of the fountain of conjugal love, during a long series of years, that a cloud obscured their pathway, and that cloud came from the atmosphere of death.

The last that was ever heard of Paul Renix, he had reformed, and having gone to an society with the recollections of those habits of submission engraved upon his mind, to the laws of man and God, that he received from Lady Longdale, became a useful member of the good society, and the happy husband of the widow Bagshaw.

BROWNLEE, Fayette co., Ky. 1855.

Every sorrow we meet is a billow on this world's troublesome sea, which we must cross to bear us nearer home.

SAM wants to know how you would like for a stranger to come into your family and tell you that you had not gumption enough to manage your own affairs; that you must let a man to eat on for you, and make him guardian and master. Sam thinks your boys would trot him out like a streak of greased lightning, if you didn't do it yourself.

A POOR MAN'S WISH.—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said: "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more." I asked a miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money!" I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread—bread—bread!" I asked a drunkard, and he loudly called for strong drink. I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words—health, fame and pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who has long borne the character of an experienced Christian; he replied that all he wished for was health, wisdom and to have a constant love for his Maker and Redeemer.

THE LOVED FACES.—Happy thoughts come stealing upon us, as we look upon the faces of those we loved in other days, those we have separated from for years, and return again with all the changes of time and thought upon their brows. The joyous feelings that rise on the meeting with old familiar friends—the cordial shaking of hands, and the hearty congratulations that follow—who does not remember them? But when those we love and cherish leave us for ever, when their spirits pass away from earth to heaven, why pay him so much on earth for a picture, even a faint resemblance, of their features, ever so animated and beautiful! How many bright eyes grow dim—how many cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, leaving not a shadow of their loveliness behind!

## Drugs, Groceries, &c.

### REMOVAL!

GEO. T. MOORE has removed to the room recently occupied by Hoffheimer & Co., which has been newly fitted up, where he will be pleased to see his old customers, and the few who believe in a large assortment of the select powdered

DRUGS & CHEMICALS from the celebrated houses of F. Scheffelin, Haynes & Co., and J. M. Smith, all of which are warranted of the best quality. Physicians especially are invited to call and examine our stock of these Goods.

PATENT MEDICINES. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Hood's Sassafras, Bryan's Pulmonic, Walker's Catarrh, and other Hydrargyric, Bull's, and other Sassafras, Jayne's, Fehrmann's, McLean's, Volcanic, Oil, Farwell's Arabian Liniment, Compound Syrup, and all the most popular Patented Medicines of the day at wholesale prices.

PAINTS, OILS, & COLORS. We have on hand a large quantity of Paints, Oils, and Distemper Colors, from the manufacture of D. F. Tiemann & Co., acknowledged by Painters to be superior to all others, and which we are enabled to direct from the manufacturers, where we are enabled to sell at the same prices as the lowest.

PERFUMERY. I have just received a lot of Harrison's Columbian Perfumery, consisting of all the Extracts for the Hair, the Toilet, the Handkerchief, etc.

Feb. 21, 1855. GEO. T. MOORE. 1788

## JOSEPH HALL.

Drugs, Medicines & Dye-Stuffs, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, &c.

SHIELSVILLE, KY.

Would respectfully call the attention of his customers to the fact, that he has a large and unusually large and well selected stock, which comprises almost everything that is usually kept in such establishments, and which he proposes to sell at low prices, for cash, or on usual time to punctual dealers. Persons who are in the habit of buying at Louisville, would do well to call on him, as he can sell them in Louisville—carriage and expenses to be added.

He keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of pure Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyes, and all the most popular Patented Medicines of all kinds. JOSEPH HALL, 100726

Feb. 2, 1854.

15 BBL'S PLANTATION MOLASSES; 10 half do do 10 kegs Golden Syrup; For sale by J. HALL.

25 SACKS RIO COFFEE; 20 do Java and Lagayra; For sale by J. HALL.

15 HDS. N. O. SUGAR; 20 bbl